

# Animals

OUR DUMB



"OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL!"

Photo, Marge Baldwin



VOLUME 84 — NO. 12

# Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

## IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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## *Christmas 1951*

**W**E wish we could look into the face of each one of those good friends of our two Societies and of our Hospitals, whose gifts and whose unfailing interest have made possible our work, and say, "A Happy Christmas." What a multitude we should reach in such a personal way!

It is only by this printed page, however, that we can send our wishes for a Christmas, rich with the Spirit for which this day of days stands. Much as Christmas has meant to humanity, it has meant no less to those lowlier creatures who share with man life's joys and sorrows.

The Spirit of Christmas is the eternal foe of cruelty. No man who yields to its sway can look with other than kindly eyes upon the least of those living things that have capacity for pain. Whatever the burden of suffering that rests upon the animal world today, it is less by many fold than it was before that night when a little Child was born in the Stable in Bethlehem.

E. H. H.

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# The Women Empathize

IN the annual report of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, 31 persons are listed who left bequests or annuities to the organizations in 1950.

Twenty-six of the 31 were women.

Is this, perhaps, an indication that women empathize on a wider and grander and nobler scale than men do? Note that it is not emphasize, but empathize.

To empathize is to regard with, or experience empathy; and empathy, according to Webster, is the "imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being; especially, sympathetic understanding of other than human beings."

You will heed the difference between empathy and sympathy, especially in regard to dumb animals. To sympathize, according to the same helpful Webster, is "to suffer or be affected, through affinity, association, interdependence, etc.; to react or respond in sympathy—to understand through fellow feeling—to share in suffering, grieving, etc.—to experience compassion, pity, etc."

This single entry in the M.S.P.C.A. report does not justify a broad generalization about the relative capacity of men and women to experience empathy; but it is a noteworthy fact, illustrating anew how faithful the fairer sex has been in

supporting the valiant work of the several organizations devoted to extending care and protection for dumb animals.

Since an enlightened, friendly and loving care for the welfare of all living creatures (a reverence for life in all its aspects, as Dr. Schweitzer holds as his first principle) is a hallmark of a truly civilized people, we may conclude that somehow this notation in the M.S.P.C.A. report emphasizes women's role in making a better world of tomorrow.

A people who are indifferent to the fate of dumb creatures have not learned the basic lessons by which alone the world can progress toward peace, justice and sympathetic understanding. One can go further and say that a people who have not developed a deep ethical sense toward use of land (employing the term in its broadest sense as applied to our natural surroundings with the land and all the growing things thereon) have failed to learn their A-B-C's of peace and world betterment.

A salute, then, to the women—and the men—who through the years carry on with their humane work through the M.S.P.C.A. and related organizations—and who in their daily lives respond to the beauty and the wonder of their natural surroundings and reveal a sympathetic understanding of all creatures and creation.

—Fitchburg Sentinel

## Riding Buffalo Trails

By I. M. dePar

THE highways and railroads cutting across the Western plains are certainly modern in construction. But in one way, some of them are as old as the hills. Because they are built over trails originally laid out by herds of wild buffalo.

When the white men began to lay smooth roadways and steel ties over the prairies, they often found it to their advantage to follow the ancient, rutted paths left by the hooves of bison. For long centuries, the animals had traveled the same lanes in their migrations between feeding grounds. Usually, the course chosen by the animals was found to be the best for the engineers—and so, today, though you sit in a powerful car or a comfortable train—you are probably riding a buffalo trail!

## Cat 'n' Ball

By Ida M. Pardue

MOST cats are satisfied with playing proper cat games—like chase the tail and catch the string. But "Dagwood," a seven-year-old Portland, Oregon, puss, plays ball. Ping-pong.

Dagwood started her batting career when only a wee kitten. At first, she was just a bother when she stubbornly insisted on getting into the act every time there was a ping-pong game in progress. But soon, she started actually to connect her paws with the ball, sending it flying back over the net with serves which were something to handle, and Dagwood was in. She has been playing ping-pong ever since.

Dagwood has an advantage over human players. She gets to serve from the table and has two paws to use instead of one paddle.

## A Worthy Cause

OUR readers may remember the story we printed in the September issue describing the almost squalid living quarters occupied by Mr. Delon, superintendent of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, in Fez, Morocco.

At that time we explained that the Committee was financially unable to build new quarters or renovate the old ones for Mr. Delon and we appealed for \$2,500 which is the estimate obtained for this work.

Within one week a friend of the Fondouk sent a check to the treasurer for \$1,750 to be used for this purpose. This means that only \$750 more is needed to complete the project. We appeal to our friends to donate toward this worthy cause. Contributions may be sent either to our Society or directly to Mrs. M. E. Lyon, Treasurer, American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, 411 E. 92nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

## The Horse's Christmas

By Lillie Kronk Lee

*To every faithful working horse  
I wish much Christmas cheer;  
With plenty of water—lots of food,  
A master kind and dear.*

*And maybe hear, at close of day,  
His master say, "Well done.  
You did a good day's work and so  
A night of rest have won."*

*Perhaps—who knows—sometime,  
somewhere,  
He, too, will see God's Son;  
May feel the Master's touch and hear  
Those welcome words, "Well done."*

## Christmas Custom

ONCE again, this Christmastime, we are planning to follow our usual custom of distributing free dinners to horses. For almost forty years, our Society has celebrated this feature on the day before Christmas as a token of its esteem for one of man's best friends.

Contributions sent to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, will provide free Christmas dinners for horses on the streets and in the stables. Such contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.



**W**HEN I send out my Christmas greeting cards each year, all my friends ask, "But how do you ever get him to stay still long enough to take his picture?"

Well, "Chips" adores to have his picture taken. It means he gets a dog biscuit! He loves them and will do anything within reason (his reason!) for one. With him, however, there's no such thing as a promise. The tidbit must be in plain sight. Then, with his eyes glued to it, he waits patiently for the click of the shutter before he gets down to receive his reward. Another biscuit, another pose.

It may be necessary to take a couple of rolls of film before you get a negative that exactly expresses your Christmas wish through the antics of your pet. Holidays have a habit of creeping up on you and the neighbors do drop in on the very night you've set aside to print your cards—so, start early.

Decide on the pose you think might work out and then set up the necessary "props" before you call your pet. Don't have much clutter in the background. The result is likely to be an ineffective hodgepodge. I find Chip's natural curiosity makes him much more co-operative if the setting is new to him. Occasionally, luck is with you and you get a perfect shot without any forethought.

My favorite of those I've made of Chips was one of these happy accidents. I had been typing and had put my portable with a plain sheet of paper in it on a low chair momentarily. The dog was about four months old at the time and decided to investigate. When I turned around, he had one puppy paw sprawled across the keys. There was my Christmas card! The lettering was dubbed in afterwards.

I have found in photographing Chips that speed is of the essence. Also, that interior arrangements are easier than outdoor ones, as there are likely to be less distracting factors. The fewer people around, the better.

Play fair with your animal and he'll co-operate to the fullest. One time I was using a "prop" that involved thumb tacks to hold it together. Unfortunately, one of the tacks came out and Chips stepped on it. He removed it quickly with his teeth, then hid under my bed for the next twelve hours. It was six months before he'd stay in the room if he saw my camera.

*Article and photograph by  
Martha June Aldridge.*

December 1951



## PETS IN SEASON'S GREETINGS



Care and patience are needed in photographing animals.



## Santa's Steeds

By Laura Alice Boyd

**S**ANTA CLAUS, so we are told, uses reindeer for his steeds when he makes his swift journey over the chimney tops. In such a choice he is very wise for among all the animals used in harness the reindeer is the most swift and enduring, leading its pursuers a chase of four or five days and often escaping at the end of that time.

The reindeer is near-sighted, although its sight is keen. This sometimes results in a ludicrous situation. When running at full speed he will not become aware of some pitfall until he is very close at hand. Then, in his effort to stop his head-long flight he will sit down on the ice and slide for some distance until he can regain his feet. The reindeer runs best when traveling on ice.

If his eyes sometimes deceive him, his hearing is acute and his sense of smell is the best developed of all his senses.

Reindeer have long been domesticated in northern European countries and are the only members of the deer family to be thus used. The American reindeer, or caribou, has never been so utilized. Reindeer milk, with twenty-two per cent butter fat, is the richest of the eleven different kinds of milk listed by the Department of Agriculture. In Norway and Sweden this milk is often used for cheese. In Lapland and northern Siberia the inhabitants depend on the reindeer for the essentials of their existence. They use its skin for tents, its flesh and milk for food and its bones and sinews for implements of various kinds.

In 1889, the United States government imported a herd of Siberian reindeer into Alaska with a small party of Laplanders to teach the Alaskans how to care for them. This was the beginning of a very successful experiment in animal husbandry. Some years later, the Canadian government purchased a herd from Alaska. These animals were driven over land to the Mackenzie River delta where they were liberated. Five years were required for the trek, but the herd doubled in size during the first three years in their new home in spite of the fact that about 300 animals were used each year to provide food and clothing for the herders and meat for neighboring hospitals and schools.

In color, the reindeer is a grayish-brown, a little lighter on the neck and belly. The muzzle is hairy; the neck has a mane on the under side; the ears and tail are short.

## Mother Love

By Ethel Maloney

**T**HE following true incident actually occurred on the author's "Rancho Del Mundo Nuevo" and is a good illustration of the mother instinct inherent in all animals.

Our black and white Persian cat had a litter of kittens a few days ago. As soon as possible, taking into consideration, the mother's comfort, we humanely disposed of all but one kitten, not being able to care for the entire family.

Several days went by and the cats, all of a sudden, were no where to be seen. The mother had taken her one remaining kitten and disappeared and no amount of searching brought the family to light.

The mystery remained a mystery until a few days later, I stopped to see how our old turkey hen was getting along as she was setting and it seemed to me that it was about time for the little turkeys to hatch.

To my surprise I found six empty shells, but only one baby turkey. Not a sign of the other five baby turkeys could I find.

As I was standing there bewilderedly trying to solve that mystery, I suddenly heard a rustling of leaves behind the turkey hen's nest on the ground under a climbing vine. There to my amazement I saw my five little turkeys being mothered by the Persian cat with her one little kitten.

They were warm and contented and the cat was caressing and caring for them in the same manner she was caring for her own offspring.

## DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER



ATTILA THE HUN USED A DROVE OF DOGS TO STAND GUARD AROUND HIS CAMP AND WARN OF APPROACHING ENEMIES

SHAKESPEARE WAS SO FOND OF DOGS HE FREQUENTLY INTRODUCED THEM INTO HIS PLAYS



© 1951, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.



BECAUSE OF THE CURL OF HIS LIPS, THE SAMOYED FREQUENTLY IS CALLED THE "SMILING DOG"

EACH year at Christmas time, our town gives prizes for the best scene in keeping with the holiday spirit. The entries may be sacred, decorative or amusing.

The sacred displays usually have for their theme the Mother and Child, painted on cardboard and set in a bower on the front lawn; Santa going down a false chimney is favored in the amusing scenes; while outdoor trees or greetings painted on garage doors contend in the decorative field.

I had tried the decorative motif without success, and decided this time to do something so unusual in the sacred class as to impress the judges.

A card, sent by the gas company the year before, gave me an idea. On it was pictured three children of Biblical times, gazing with rapt expressions at a distant star. Since our front porch is glassed in, I decided to reconstruct the scene under cover, using the neighbors' children for my subjects.

I had no trouble enlisting recruits and set to work dyeing cheesecloth and making robes that would look well in a subdued blue light. A friend who had had some experience in amateur theatricals did the lighting, and the tableau, seen through a haze of pink theatrical gauze, was most pleasing to the eye.

Judging was to take place on the evening of December twenty-fourth, and the children came early to be pinned into their robes. "I hope they come here first," Willie Cowles said. "They're going to have Santa on television tonight. . . ."

"We had a party at school today," Betty, his young sister interrupted, "and exchanged presents. I got this." From her jumper pocket she extricated a fuzzy rabbit about the size of her two fists.

While I dressed the children, "Mr. Blue" and "Buddy Bearskin" watched with mild interest, but the moment the mechanical rabbit was introduced, they were very much on the alert. "No, you can't have my rabbit, Mr. Blue," Betty scolded, and put the toy back into her pocket.

"Give me wabbit!" demanded Gene Lawton, the youngest of the trio. "Give me wabbit!"

"Not now," I said firmly, guiding him to the porch. Outside, cars were parking and, peering out the window, I recognized one as belonging to the judges.

"Quickly, children," I said, and arranged them in place. It was dark on the porch except for the faint light from a street lamp. "Now," I told them, "I am going to switch on the light, so stand with heads raised as I showed you." At that moment Gene turned to face Betty, screaming savagely.

"For pity sakes, give him the rabbit!" I shouted to Betty.

At the curb, a horn sounded. "What a character," Betty grumbled as she handed over the toy.

In the semi-darkness, I wasn't aware that Mr. Blue and Buddy had joined us, but as I switched on the light, there they were—Mr. Blue sitting up on Gene's right, begging for the rabbit, and Buddy, frozen at his left, ready to spring the moment the boy put the toy down.

"Don't any of you dare move until I stop counting," I warned them, thankful that their backs were to the audience. "Twenty." I concluded and switched off the light. Outside, horns blew in appreciation and Gene began screaming again.

"Now what?" I cried, fumbling for the lights. "What's the matter, Gene?"

"Yaw!" he bellowed from the floor. "Dog got my wabbit!"

"It is not your rabbit!" Betty yelled, drowning him out.

While they fought it out, pandemonium broke out under the kitchen table. Mr. Blue had the toy and Buddy had Mr.

# "Mr. Blue's" Christmas Tableau

by Ina Louez Morris



Gene and Mr. Blue look on with interest while I go about preparing the setting for my tableau.

Blue's ear. Since Mr. Blue stood in danger of having his ear pierced, I attended to the dogs first, then bundled the children into the car and took them home.

Several days later, the local paper carried a description of the winning entries. "Well, listen to this," Uncle Oliver said. "First prize in the amusing class went to Mrs. Morris of Walnut Street," he read. "Her tableau, depicting three golden-haired youngsters in flowing nighties watching for Santa, was very well done, but it was the dogs, who posed without so much as a flick of their tails that decided the judges in Mrs. Morris' favor."

"Well," said Uncle Oliver, pleased. "What do you think of that?"

"I think it's wonderful," I answered laughing, "only the scene was meant to be sacred and the nighties weren't nighties at all, but robes. What's more the dogs weren't posing; they were begging for Betty's rabbit—which reminds me. I owe Betty a new toy."



# Dining Car Diet

By Sara Singleton King



**W**HENEVER a streamliner pulls into the station at Waycross, Georgia, it is met by a big black-and-white mongrel, "Chico," because he knows that the train carries a diner whose cooks and steward will feed him. While Chico meets the dining-car, his master, Willie Johnson, is busy loading and unloading the mail car.

Johnson works at the station, so all Chico has to do is lie on the cool pavement of the station walkway and wait for his food to come to him. He pays no attention to ordinary trains, getting up only when the sleek streamliners pull in, knowing that they are the ones which carry diners.

People at the station claim also that Chico knows the hours when the trains are due. His master agrees with them, because, he says, sometimes Chico slips away from home "after hours" and runs down to the station for a late snack from one of the evening trains. When Johnson isn't working the morning shift, Chico often goes down anyway for his breakfast.

Chico was named by Johnson's nieces from a story in their schoolbooks. They love Chico. Everybody seems to love him, except perhaps other dogs who unknowingly venture into Chico's "stamping ground." Porters, mail clerks, baggage men, and a ticket agent crowded around me the day I went to interview Chico and take his picture. They told me that, while Chico wouldn't admit it to me, he is reluctant to share his dining-car privileges. Thus far he has been successful in keeping other dogs off his domain.

When Johnson first started working for the railroad a few years ago, Chico just wouldn't stay home, but followed his master to work every day. Finally Chico became acquainted with the train cooks who passed through the town, and his "working" days were vastly brightened.

Now when the dog's master walks out of his house at 4:30 A. M. to leave for work, Chico is always waiting on the front porch, tail wagging. At seven, one of the crack trains comes through and Chico gets his breakfast.

If Johnson works the night shift, Chico gets his supper, too. He doesn't sing for it; all he does is wag his tail. Thus Chico seems to be the perfect example of the "lillies of the field," who "toil not, neither do they spin." In his simple way, however, Chico *does* pay for his living by giving love and gratitude.

## Is Your Dog Obstinate?

By Theresa E. Black

**D**OES your dog refuse to wear a collar and leash?

Our small dog was over two years old and he still rebelled when we tried putting a collar and leash on him. While our yard was fenced, we knew that he was missing a lot of fun by having to either stay at home or be carried wherever he went.

We called a noted dog trainer but he gave us little encouragement. Then we resorted to pet shops but each owner told us that some dogs would wear collars and leashes and some would not.

Still we tried, but our dog would buck and pitch like a wild broncho and we wanted to treat him kindly as he has an exceptionally affectionate nature. Each time I left the house he would cry. He did not bark or howl—it was more like a cry.

Then mother struck upon an idea. We put the collar and leash on him in the house and, before he could start his bucking and pitching, I carried him out of the house. Setting him

down on the sidewalk, I handed the leash to mother and then I started walking down the street.

His feet had never touched outside the fenced yard and when he sensed that he was free to follow me, he forgot that he had on a collar and leash and trotted along after me. When he decided he wanted to go into a yard and we tried to hold him back he started pulling, bucking and pitching. I picked him up, carried him into the house, took off the collar and leash, and we stayed inside for awhile.

We tried this procedure three times that afternoon and the next day he was wearing his leash and collar obediently and happily. After two years of kindness and patience we have been rewarded.

I doubt if any dog is deliberately obstinate; it is usually fear or ignorance. I believe every dog can be handled "his" way. We are supposed to be smarter than dogs and it is up to us to figure how to do things at the right time and in the right way—"his" way.





## *"Flame" Visits the Angell Memorial*

**Mr. George S. West, Director of our Societies, greets "Flame" on the latter's arrival in Boston. During World War II, Mr. West was head of Dogs for Defense in this area and is devoted to the protection of animals.**

**Nurse Margaret Robinson introduces a feline patient to "Flame," who, thoughtfully, offers the recuperating kitty a can of cat food.**

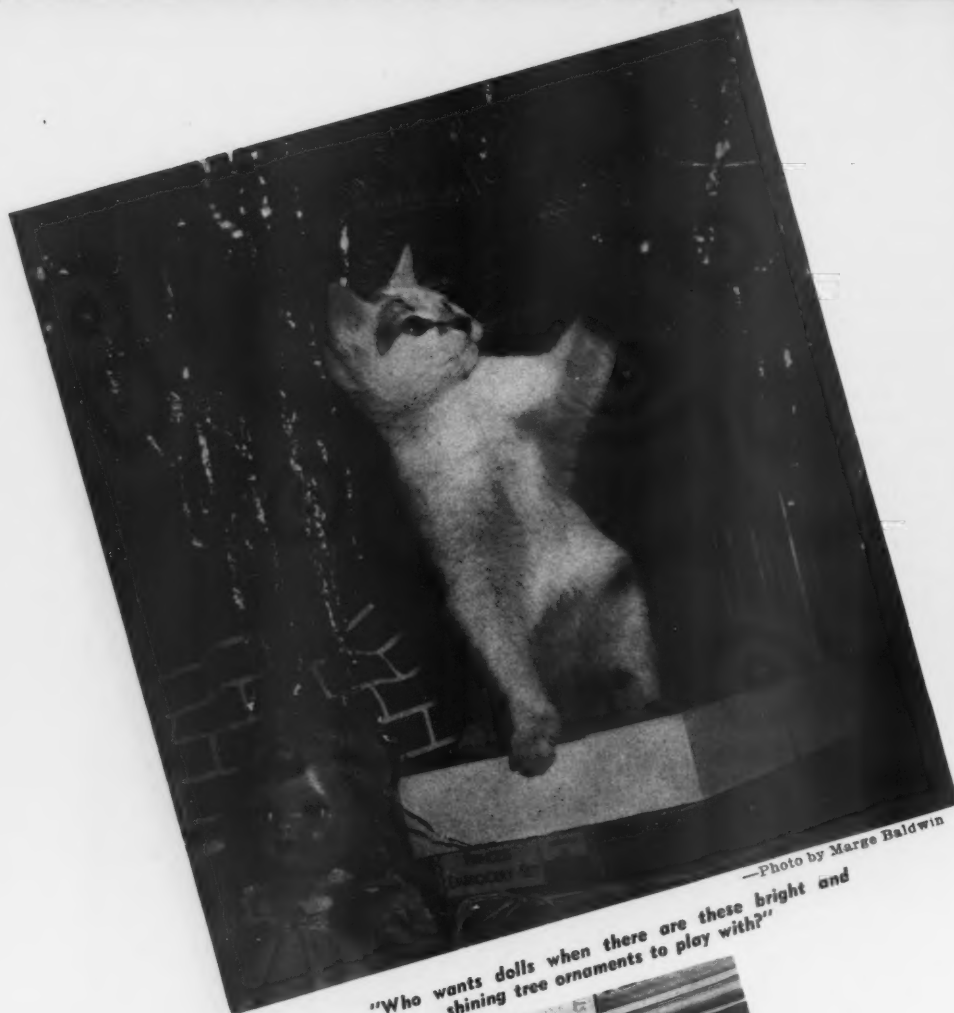


**When a fellow needs a friend he can certainly depend on "Flame," famous canine motion picture star. Flame recently visited our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital accompanied by his owner and trainer, Frank Barnes. Here Flame is shown comforting a Hospital patient, "Jeff," who is suffering from two fractured legs. Jeff seems to appreciate the cane which his visitor is offering for his use until his legs are completely healed.**

**Another visit made by "Flame" during his visit to the Hospital was to this basket full of kittens and he left them with a bark of cheer and the assurance that they are sure to be adopted very soon. Flame visited Boston in connection with the appearance of his latest starring vehicle, "You Never Can Tell."**

—Illustrations by Lenscraft Photos





"Who wants dolls when there are these bright and shining tree ornaments to play with?"

—Photo by Marge Baldwin



"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care."

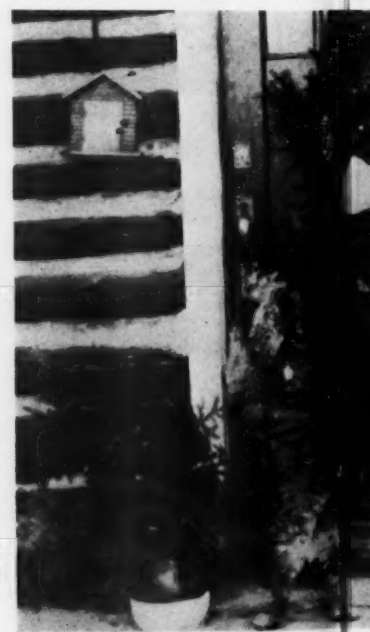
—Photo by Georgia Engelhard



"Black Knight" is a ch

# Christmas

**B**RIGHT and early on Christmas morning the family race downstairs to see what Santa Claus has brought. They don't forget, the family pets are right there, too, and they can't be lost without their enjoyable antics. They see the dazzling ornaments and smell of hemlock or ba-



Comes a messenger be



—Photo by Marge Baldwin

"Night" is a checker player of note.

# as Morning

morning the household is stirring and the children  
anta Claus left under the Christmas tree. But, don't  
re, too, and mother and dad and everyone else would  
s. They seem to enter into the holiday spirit and the  
nlock or balsam lend an intoxicating atmosphere.



—Photo by Martha Jane Aldridge

a messenger bearing glad tidings.



—Photo by Marge Baldwin

"In just about two seconds my paw is going to flash up  
and then where will you be?"



—Photo by E. L. Britt

"Somebody say this package was for me?"



## When the Snow Came Late

By Louise J. Walker

ONE day in winter, all the coyotes and foxes in the village had a council. They were very much puzzled because no snow nor rain had fallen. These animals met to see what they could do to bring the snow. One of the coyotes suggested that the group sing a snow song. Perhaps then the snow would fall. The animals thought the idea a good one so they all sang a song honoring the snow.

Now a little mouse happened to be present at the council. After the group had sung for a while, the fox who was conducting the meeting sent the mouse out to see whether it had started to snow. The snow had fallen, but the mouse was so little and light that he was able to walk on the top of the snow, so when he returned to the meeting he told the others it had not even begun to snow.

The animals started singing again. This time they sang at the top of their voices. After a while, the mouse was sent out again. He came back and told them the same thing. After the third trip, the mouse again said that no snow had fallen.

By this time, the animals did not believe the mouse. The fox decided to go out with him to see whether the mouse's reports were true.

The snow was so deep that the fox sank into it. He was very angry. When he saw the mouse scampering in front of him, he began to chase the little creature through the snow. As he pursued the mouse, the fox sank deeper and deeper into the drifts. Finally he could go no farther and had to give up.

The poor little mouse was so frightened by the fox that he didn't dare to look back but kept going until he reached the mountains. There he made his home. Because the snow came late, therefore, we sometimes find mice in the mountains.

—Indian Legend



Modern descendants of our hero.

## Cops and Robbers

By Edward W. Ludwig

THE Narcotics Division of the San Francisco Police Department has been expanded. Under the direction of Agent Earl Teets, the newcomers have been trained to sniff out opium fumes, and it is said that the division is functioning with unusual efficiency. At any rate, the noses of the newcomers certainly qualify them for the job. They're police dogs.

Clever, but not so honorable, was a thief near Atlanta, Michigan. Mrs. Bruce Underhill placed a pie on her kitchen windowsill, found it missing, and promptly spanked her three small sons. She baked a second pie and, to her chagrin, found that it too had disappeared.

The sons denied their guilt, so Mrs. Underhill wearily decided to try again. This time she kept a stern, constant watch over the cooling pie. Finally the thief appeared again, seized the pie and ambled back into the woods.

And inasmuch as the culprit was a black, shaggy bear, the sons were reconciled—as much as possible—by an extra evening at the movies.

## A Way Home

By Vincent J. Argondezzi

MR. and MRS. MICHAEL JACQUINTO moved recently to a new residence. When the moving men had left, however, they discovered that in the general confusion, they had left their nine-year-old tomcat, "Tad," behind. Hurrying to their old home they searched without success and finally had to ask neighbors to be on the lookout for him.

When Peter, their young son, returned to his new home from school he was overwhelmed with grief that his pet had become lost.

Next morning the Jacquintos drove Peter to school then returned to their former residence again to look for the tomcat, and were dismayed to find that he had never appeared in that locality. How could they break the news to Peter?

It wasn't necessary, for about three-thirty that afternoon, Peter came up the drive, smiling and carrying his beloved pet in his arms. He had found Tad waiting near the school door. Evidently the cat had returned home, found it empty and, having walked to school with Peter on frequent occasions, he had gone there to wait.

## "Freda" Found Her Vet

By Watson Berry

RECENTLY Dr. Edwin B. Smith, veterinarian, sent me the following report on "Freda," a German shepherd belonging to Mrs. Ruth Pratt, of Hannawa Falls, New York.

"Mrs. Pratt's Freda is a very intelligent dog. She had never been away from home at night, but did go on short trips in the daytime with a neighbor's dog.

"One day she encountered a porcupine and received many quills in her mouth and face. Mrs. Pratt brought her by automobile to my office, where the quills were removed. One time previously she had been at my hospital and remained as a boarder for ten days. During that trip to my office she had come by a different road than when she had the quills, but neither time was she out of the car or in territory familiar to her.

"About two weeks after I had removed the quills from Freda, a dog appeared at my house and scratched at the door. I was out making calls and my two-year-old boy let the dog in. Freda was wet and dirty. When I arrived I examined her and found her mouth full of quills. I was very busy, but the dog co-operated very well, and in a few moments I had removed the quills without restraint of anesthesia.

"I called the owner who was very much worried. The dog had gone out the previous day with her friend, the neighbor's dog. At the time when they usually returned, about six in the evening, the neighbor's dog returned without Freda. A futile search was made. During the time from late afternoon until the next morning at eight, the dog had come fifteen miles over a road she had never traveled before, except by automobile. She had come to my office in a town of three thousand population during the night when a heavy rainstorm occurred.

"I have talked with several people near Canton who say they saw the dog trudging along the road early that morning. They say she was dirty and wet but walked with a determined attitude.

"This story was picked up by the Associated Press and other news services. I had letters from all parts of the United States. It was to me an amazing feat. The owner tells me that Freda is almost human in many of her actions. Mrs. Pratt talks to Freda as if she were human and the dog seems to understand."

Freda also seems to know what she wants, or needs, and where to go to get it.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Outstanding exhibit of our Societies at convention headquarters attracted much favorable comment from the delegates.

## Successful National Convention

**T**HE national humane convention, held this year in Cleveland, Ohio, was attended by the following delegates from our two Societies: Dr. Eric H. Hansen, *President*; William A. Swallow, *Secretary and Editor*; Albert A. Pollard, *Director of Education*; J. Robert Smith, *Assistant to the President*; Joseph P. Mooney, *National Field Secretary*; John C. Macfarlane, *Director of Livestock Loss Prevention*; Dorothy Broderick, *Public Relations Department* and, from our Springfield Branch, Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe, *Field Secretary*.

Taking an active part in the program of speakers were Mr. Pollard, who was a participant on the panel devoted to Humane Education, and Mr. Macfarlane, who was on the panel concerned with



Dr. Hansen greets John A. Dolan, Assistant Director of Law for the City of Cleveland. Looking on is Philip A. Coad, President of the Cleveland Animal Protective League.

The large central panel contains illustrations of our headquarters building as well as eight pictures of our various branches throughout the state. Of the remaining four panels, one depicts outstanding covers of *Our Dumb Animals*; one, photographs of the activities of the American Humane Education Society; one, illustrations of the various wards and rooms in the Hospital and the other describes pictorially the work of our agents. In addition there were other panels devoted to Humane Education and Livestock Loss Prevention, the latter accompanied by working models made up by John C. Macfarlane, director of that department. Also publicized were prize-winning posters and samples of literature.



Mr. Pollard speaks.

Livestock Loss Prevention. Mr. Pollard's topic was entitled "What Pets and Animals Should Mean to a Child" and Mr. Macfarlane discussed "Livestock Loss Prevention in New England."

The delegates from our Societies carried with them a large amount of exhibit material which attracted a great deal of attention. This exhibit, as shown in the above illustration, included the five-panel, self-lighted section which shows a composite picture of all our activities.



Mr. Macfarlane speaks.



Dr. Agnete Krabbe (right) a Danish Veterinarian, who received her degree in veterinary medicine at the Danish Royal College of Copenhagen, Denmark, recently spent several weeks at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, observing up-to-date surgical techniques and procedures. She and Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Chief of Staff, hold a consultation in regard to one of the patients.

# Society and

## Dr. Coffin in Peru

**D**R. David L. Coffin, head of the Department of Pathology at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., left October 17th on a two-months' trip to Lima, Peru, to conduct a scientific investigation of parrot diseases.

Before proceeding with his expedition into the headwaters of the Amazon, Dr. Coffin will address the First Pan American Congress at Lima on the subject of infectious diseases of dogs, and will also participate in the section devoted to veterinary education.

Dr. Coffin's journey to South America was made possible as the result of a legacy received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., given for the specific purpose of studying diseases of parrots. A complete report of his findings will be made available to veterinarians, and others interested in the subject matter, following his return to Boston.

## The Middle of the Road

By John C. Macfarlane, Director Livestock Loss Prevention

**T**HIS past year has seen the protection of our Nation's food animals assuming a far more important role in humane work than ever before.

It took many years and the killing and crippling of hundreds of thousands of food animals to bring home to many of us the real need for improving our methods of handling them.

Cattle, calves, hogs and sheep are beaten, crippled, killed and bruised by the thousands every twenty-four-hour day, by careless men who are indifferent to the silent suffering of these patient friends.

More and more of our country's humane organizations are realizing that the hand of mercy must not stop on the outside of a fence, a truck, a railroad cattle car, an auction stable, or any other place where roughness is likely to be the order of the day.

In a great many auction sales, all over the country, new-born calves are kicked from one pen to another and are sold

without once knowing the comfort of their mothers' sides.

This Christmas I would urge all who read these words to reflect upon this question: "How long shall we walk the middle of the road?"

There is something *everybody* can do to bring about a greater understanding of real kindness and, too, a keener perception of the interdependence that exists between our nation's food animals and ourselves. Either we are kind to all of God's creatures, or we must know that we are doing only half a job!

We, who are actively engaged in the task of improving man's mental and physical attitudes toward farm animals, can accomplish just so much and no more, unless we have the support of all right-thinking people who believe that cruelty to any living animal must be stopped.

We need your help and food animals need your prayers this Christmas time.

## Cruelty to a Cat

**F**IVE boys, ten to fifteen years of age, were brought before a Juvenile Probation Officer for cruelly beating a cat to death. The complaint was filed, with a severe reprimand to the boys and a warning to their parents that another time it will be recommended that they be sent to a correctional institution.



John C. Macfarlane addressing a meeting of a Farm Bureau group held at Keene, N. H. As a result of this meeting he was invited to hold an exhibit at the New Hampshire Cheshire County Fair.



# Service News

## Teach Kindness

**C**HILDREN are not intentionally cruel, but they should be taught to handle animals gently. Many complaints are received and investigated in regard to the careless handling of kittens and puppies.

## A Warning!

**I**KE" was lucky! Doctors at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital were able to save him when he was brought in recently for an emergency operation for the removal of a rubber band from his neck. Careful examination revealed that the elastic band had become so deeply imbedded in the animal's flesh that it was necessary to resort to surgery.

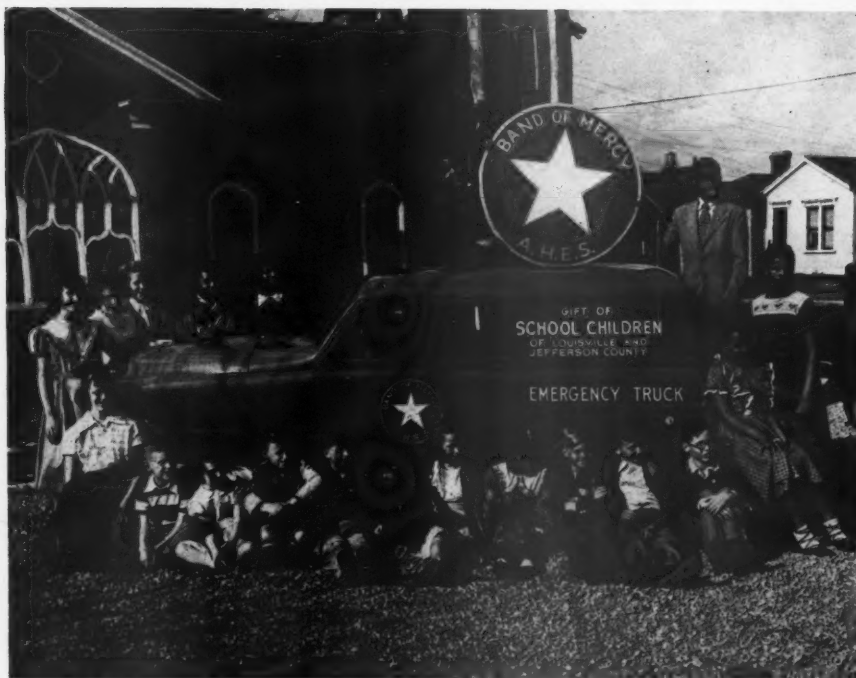
Injuries caused by this type of carelessness can often prove fatal, due to the fact that the placing of a rubber band around the neck of a dog or a cat is bound to interfere with the circulation of blood, destroy certain nerves and, in some cases, sever the trachea. Children, especially should be warned of the dire consequences resulting from putting rubber bands around the neck, tail, or legs of dogs and cats.

Our doctors say that all too many animals are brought to us suffering from the effects of this cruel practice.



"Ike" kisses Nurse Jane Heffron goodbye.

December 1951



—Photo by Courier-Journal & Louisville Times

*The children of the Band of Mercy of Louisville and Jefferson County have finally realized their ambition, having recently bought the small emergency truck shown in the picture for their very own. However, the truck may be used by the Humane Society when needed to pick up injured animals when others are in use. The members' dues were one cent a week and through the sale of homemade candy, cakes, flower seeds, donations from friends, and other means, they raised the necessary funds.*

## Error of Omission

**I**NADVERTENTLY, in the account of the fifth annual reunion of the Animal Club of the Air, in the October issue of *Our Dumb Animals*, the name of a very generous friend who made it and previous reunions possible was omitted. This friend has long been a friend to animals and girls and boys, and we refer to Mr. William Poti, General Manager of Radio Station WMEX of Boston. We hasten to extend to him our tardy but grateful thanks for all his help and co-operation in so many ways.

## Neglect of Animals

**M**ANY complaints are received in regard to poor shelters for animals. In one instance, a team of horses was found in a small birch bark shelter, most inadequate. The owner, at the direction of our agent, enlarged the shelter and closed it in.

In another instance, 28 cows, one bull and a pinto pony were found. The animals were dirty and the forefeet of the pony had grown about 12 inches long. The owner was warned to have the animal's feet attended to and the place cleaned.

## Fined for Cruelty

**A** WOMAN reported that someone had cut off her dog's tail. The dog was taken to a veterinarian, who said the tail was almost severed and while he stitched it back on he said half of it would be of no use to the dog. Finally, the man who was suspected, but who had at first denied that he was responsible admitted throwing a hatchet at the animal. He was taken into court, found guilty, and fined \$25.00, with a suspended sentence of one year in jail.

## OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

"Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday in connection with the Children's Playhouse, 8:35 - 9:30 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Friday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



—Gedge Harmon

"What means this glory round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn!" And voices chanted clear and sweet, "Today the Prince of Peace is born."



### FREE RENT FOR BIRDS

Little birds roost in my  
Christmas tree  
For there's warmth and light  
And the rent is free!

### Lost: Christmas

When winter brings the snow bird north  
In need of grain we may set forth  
And kittens venture on the street  
To seek our aid in food and heat  
While dogs search for the smiling lips  
Of those who wish true comradeships  
Christmas must surely make you sigh  
Who let God's creatures pass you by.

— Howard A. Dettmers



—Louise Van der Meld

I'm sure that thing in the tree must be for me.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## The Christmas Puppy

By Claire Cruikshank

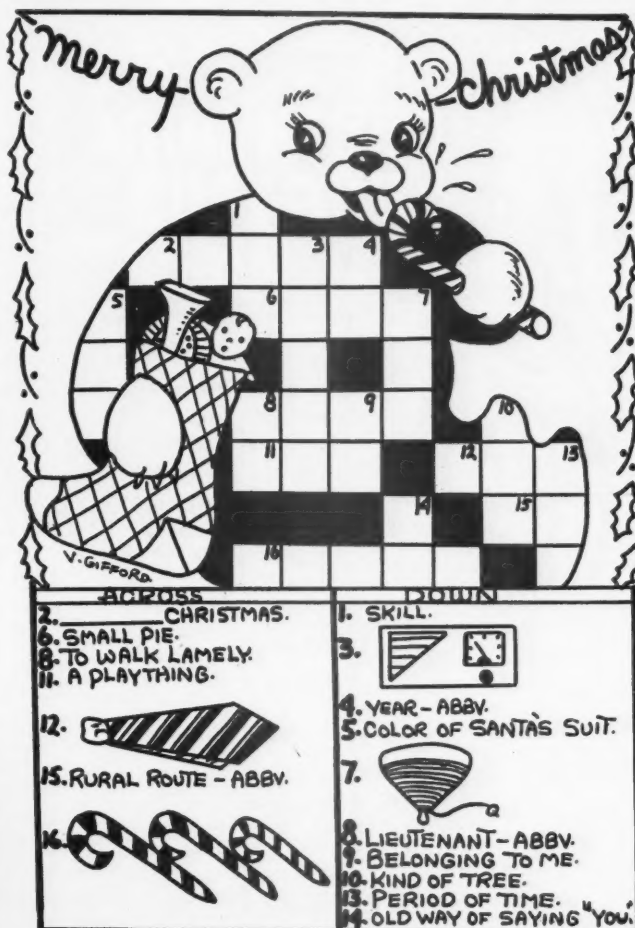
WITH Christmas growing closer and closer, Paul was getting sadder and sadder. All the other boys wanted trains, but Paul wanted a puppy. To him a puppy would be far more fun than a train with no life in it. But mother had said no, that there was no room in their tiny apartment for a puppy, and that puppies were a lot of responsibility to a little boy. So poor Paul was very sad. So that night it was a very sad boy who left home to seek adventure. If mother wouldn't allow him to have a dog, there must be someone who would. He walked many miles. He had to go on back roads so as not to be seen. Finally he was so exhausted he stopped in his tracks and laid down. When he awoke he heard breathing. At first he knew not what to think. He looked and there was a very thin puppy. But he looked good to Paul. He decided to go home and see if he could keep the puppy. His frantic mother was so happy to see him she agreed to let him keep the puppy.

So this Christmas there is a very happy Paul.



—J. B. Guss

"I think I make a lovely Christmas present, don't you?"



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

## "Cheery"

CHEERY" was given to me for Christmas. He is pale yellow and white and he just loves the sunshine. When he is in the sun, he will sing his head pretty nearly off, but when he is in any shady place, he can't be persuaded to even peep.

I love my Cheery very much and I hope we will have him a long, long time.

— Victoria Starr (Age 10)

Answer to Puzzle which appeared in November: ACROSS—2. Wishbone, 8. Pear, 9. O'er, 10. Oleo, 12. A. M., 13. Swat. DOWN—1. Hi, 3. Spoons, 4. Heel, 5. Bare, 6. Or, 7. El., 11. Oats, 14. Wo.

Answer to SEEING DOUBLE PUZZLE, which appeared in November: 1. O'possum, 2. moose, 3. llama, 4. squirrel, 5. giraffe, 6. kangaroo, 7. peccary, 8. sheep, 9. buffalo, 10. lemming.





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## Horse Operas for Horses

By Bill Witter

OUR new riding horse, "Roxy May," was a lonesome horse until we got a television set.

We had purchased her from a stable where she had had a lot of horse companionship, but she was the only horse on our farm. She wandered around the pasture in front of our house as though she had lost her last bucket of oats, watching every movement around the house, straining against the fence wire for every word or pat she could get.

Then we got a television set. One night we had a horse-packed, rough ridin' Western on. The television screen faces the pasture, which is right in front and only a few feet from the living room. The living room door was wide open.

Soon we heard a series of whinnies from Roxy May. Looking out, we saw her standing there, just over the fence, in perfect position to catch the show. The horses on the screen whinnied and she answered! And so it continued through the whole performance, Roxy May voicing her enjoyment and excitement at the appropriate places, as the story progressed.

Roxy May isn't so lonesome for equestrian companionship anymore since she can see horses regularly in our living room!



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Please send ..... calendars to

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**Just write us. We shall be glad to do the rest.**

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For anyone who likes animals (and who does not?) it is the ideal gift. Give your friends the chance to enjoy reading each month true stories about animals, factual articles about their lives and habits, appealing verse, and interesting, story-telling pictures.

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